

Get Down

LL Cool J

G, G, G, G, G, G Get...

Down, to the rhythm that'll rock the walls
Go sportin and Jordans and I'm on the balls
Don't lackin I'm black but I'm not ?Lou Wrong?
Disappeared for a year now I'm back y'all
So get down with the entrepeuner of funk
Not a sloppy fat punk or a Shaolin Monk
Ain't down with Johnny Cousin know as use at a jam
So to hell with Anne McMahon & Tom McCan
J-Ski is the box, farmers is the street
Signing hungry-over-beasts that's why I always eat
Up to you to guess whose rockin the funky sound
If you don't know never mind come on and get down

Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.
Get Down
Go L.L., go L.L., go L.L.
Get Down

Hard like haystacks cow-hold
Callin me a sucker boy you're pushin a broom
If you try to pull a ace you'll get a punch in the face
All eyes are on my posse when we walk in the place
Got a (???) family from my happy days
Not the boys that play the bench for the Oakland A
He drop you to a hop to the record he play
Couldn't keep it a secret I'm L.L. Cool J
Rhymes are all wack and real all real
Yo Earl, tell the party people the deal

Yo listen here
Ya ain't no thing, can't complain
They catch like a muh'fuck pass to J

That's right I'm back he's talks how to rap
He used to Smurf now you're jackin cause my name's on the map
Sit and lie my homeboy Earl says is that he loves hats
With a hands like a hatcher, Cut Creators in bat
Cut Creator on the fader the teachers pet
Baddest man with ten fingers you've ever met
And sooner or later we'll have to sit
Cut Creator cut the record so they don't forget
Get down

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I make hard rock jams for hard rock fans
What I'm sayin is for real this ain't lala land
Got a can full of jams pullin off the lid
Competition in New York is doin what I did
Cold sender of a story I paid my dues
I rocked at house parties I was down with crews
Now I'll never be caught I'm on my P's and Q's
And for the rest of your life you wanna be in my shoes

I scar like stones hard like cement and I rocked every jam that I ever went
Cause I got a better reppin than any emcee has
And I'm down like a brother from Alcatraz
Get down

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Ni-ni-nigga-nigga-ni-ni-ni-ninja
I rap the boss is back the only man
you should call when the party's packed
From Paris to L.A they say I'm as sharp as a pin
When it's a Cool J party you gotta get in
So I'm makin big steps like Gladys Knight in the pier
One rhyme you're on my tensils as I leave my lip
Up the block kids are talkin and spreadin the news
About the new grandmaster the one you'll choose
Cause I'm chuckling I wanna stomp the rest
When I kick it couldn't bore it could only impress
I'm not a Hula-Hoop this isn't a passin phase
Hard work pays I'm gettin straight up A's
Cool J is runnin things I want it understood
Executioner I should wear a black hood
And carry an axe cause I'm ruff on wax
Speakers speakin ?phone-wear from durable? eight-tracks
Get down

(G, G, G, G, G, G, Get Down)